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What the Letter Brought.

A STORY OF THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD.

(By Annie R. Ramsay, in 'Forward.')

Bertha Taylor and Rega Nichols were putting in order the books and music after the close of a Christian Endeavor meeting, one stormy afternoon.

'Did you ever see such devoted friends?' I asked Miss Fannie, as I glanced across the big Sunday-school room to the corner where the two girls were busy at work.

Miss Fannie smiled at me, and fairly beamed at them, as she answered, softly: 'Well, of course. And I for one, never see them here, leading the singing, playing the accompaniments, nor meet them together everywhere I go, that I am not reminded that "truth is stranger than fiction." Moreover, I always think of them as proofs that, even in the blackest misfortune God does not leave us without signs of his love and care for his children. Yes, even when the misfortune can be traced to man's wilfulness and carelessness.'

What do you mean, Miss Fannie? What misfortune have these girls known?'

'Rega—not Bertha—I supposed everyone knew the story. But I remember, you did not live here then. Let me see—where shall I begin—' and, as the young girls had by this time finished their task, and bidden us good-bye, she told me a story which gained its greatest interest from being true. This story I shall endeavor to repeat to you.

Philadelphia was just awakening, with shuddering horror, to the knowledge of the awful disaster at Johnstown. The news of the flood had been published in the morning papers, and people said, with bated breath, 'Three hundred drowned!' In the afternoon vague rumors filled the streets that the three hundred might be multiplied into three thousand. Gloom and anxiety hung over the city like a pall. The next day—Sunday—broke clear and quiet, and people who could do nothing else, felt that the church was the only place meet for men and women whose fellow-beings were enduring so much.

In one of the churches sat Mrs. Taylor and her young daughter, Bertha; the mother's thoughts were occupied with the sorrows of the many Rachels mourning for their children in that far-off town; and she felt selfish, almost wicked, when, as she looked at her own blooming daughter, her heart gave a throb of gratitude that her darling was safe and spared to her.

The minister made his usual announcements, and a thrill ran through the congregation when he read the latest account from Johnstown, in which the number of the dead was estimated at ten thousand! An eloquent appeal for help followed; clothing was especially asked for, and arrangements announced by which a special train was to be sent to the stricken city to carry all donations.

Bertha Taylor heard nothing of the sermon that day; her whole heart was aroused by the picture which her imagination drew of the scenes and sufferings at Johnstown. As soon as the last words of the service had died away, she was pulling her mother out of the church and along the streets in feverish haste.

'O, mother! Let's go right home and make up a bundle; I have my old blue dress and those flannels that I can't get into next winter, if I grow a single mite this summer; and there's that old check suit of brother's, and father's old hat, and some shoes. Why, there's lots of things you're saving for the Bradley family, and more, too, in the trunks in the basement. Come, come, quick! We will make up a bundle at once.'

Mrs. Taylor smiled at the eager girl, 'Gently, my dear. We want to give all we can, but not more than we ought; and above all, we do not want to give things which would be useless to those who receive them. My idea is that each one should think of the people there as sisters, or friends, and try to send just what we would if these relations really existed.'

'I SHALL WRITE A LETTER, AND PUT IT IN THE POCKET.'

'O, mamma! what a splendid idea; it makes it twice as interesting, if I can pretend I know the people who get my things. Let me see—I should like to send my coat with the red lining to some girl. You will let me, won't you? I'll wear my old one willingly. Cousin Eva Johnson always liked that coat, and it will be like giving it to her. And, O, mother! could I give my pretty brown cashmere with the silk braid? I think I could do without it.'

'Dear, generous child,' thought the mother, though she only answered, quietly: 'I am quite sure we can make up a large package of really good things, and as soon as dinner is over, you can bring me what you think you can spare, and we will decide about it.'

By this time they had reached home, and Bertha immediately flew to her room to pull out bandbox and bundle, and to empty closets and drawers, in her enthusiasm and energy. The brown dress hung on a peg far back, the pretty silk braid catching gleams of light, and each one of its steel buttons done up in a twist of tissue-paper—so careful was Bertha lest rust should corrupt her glittering treasures, for those buttons were the pride of her heart. In spite of her generous ardor, the girl hesitated a moment; the dress had been her 'best' one last winter, and was to be used for school in the coming season. She had never before had one made by a dressmaker, and had looked forward with great delight to the time of wearing to school a perfectly-fitting, stylish costume, such as most of her friends wore every day. But selfishness had no real lodging-place in Bertha's heart, and when her mother's suggestion came back to her mind, she added the brown cashmere to her armful of gifts, without further hesitation.

Hurrying to the basement, she flung the things on a table, and turned to help her mother make her selections.

'Mother,' she said, 'how shall we get these things to the station?'

'I never thought of that, Bertha! Per-

haps, at the drug-store they can tell us of an expressman.'

Bertha was off in a minute, and back in another.

'No express on Sunday, mother. Don't you think Kate would take it around? It's so near!'

'She could not carry it alone.'

'Oh! I'll help her.'

Time was short, and no better plan was to be thought of, since father and brother were both away; so together the busy hands folded and packed into a large sheet the cast-off garments of the family, and added many a comfortable and convenient article, which would not have been cast off in any cause less worthy.

'Here, mother,' said Bertha, at last, 'is my brown cashmere. Don't you think I can do without it? I can wear my plaid and my blue all winter, and if the waists give out, I have my jersey.'

'Yes, Bertha, by sacrificing your own pleasure in the matter, and by extreme care of your dresses, you can manage without the brown. But why do you wish to send the very one you like best of all your gowns?'

'Because, mother, I have been thinking of what you said, and I want at least one very nice dress to go; just as if I knew a girl there, and was sending her—O! O! I have it!' and here her voice rose gleefully. 'I shall write a letter and pin it in the pocket; then, when a girl gets my dress, perhaps she will answer, and we can be really friends. What do you think of that?'

'I think of you — that you are a little goosie; but do it, if it gives you pleasure, only don't build too many hopes on an answer. Nothing is likely to come of it.

Bertha spread out her writing materials and wrote as follows:

'Will the young girl who receives this dress, write to the girl who sends it, and who is so sorry for all the dreadful trouble and pain?

BERTHA TAYLOR.

This, with a blank sheet, she put into an envelope, which she stamped and directed to Miss Bertha Taylor, 382 South Twenty-seventh street, Philadelphia.

Then, putting this into a stout linen envelope, she sealed it up with several blobs of wax—using her cuff-button for the seal—and fastened it with strong thread to the inside of the pocket. It was only the work of a moment to fold her dress and add it to the package, which her mother was tying up in a shape to travel safely.

Once the train had borne it off, Bertha began to count the hours until she should receive an answer, and while she is waiting we will follow the fortunes of the dress.

The precious bundle took its place among hundreds of others, more or less valuable; though I doubt if any one of them held anything more truly acceptable to him who sees the heart. It reached Johnstown in safety, and there, in company with many others, was turned over to Miss Clara Barton, who had asked that very day for clothes for those who were being helped by the Red Cross Society.

Miss Barton stood under a rough shed, receiving the bundles in the midst of a chaos of unpacked boxes, trying with every faculty of mind and body to bring the confusion to order and system. She was tired and heart-sick, the day of hard work was ending, the rain was falling, and nothing was needed to add to the depression and gloom; but she worked bravely on, and had just reached Mrs. Taylor's bundle, when a young woman came up to her hastily, and said:

'Miss Barton, I wish you would let me bring you a girl who has just been sent to me. She is almost naked, and seems really too ill to speak, even to tell me about herself or her baby.'

'Bring her here, of course, and if she is really ill, I will give her an order for the hospital.'

The young lady soon reappeared and led in a tall, slender girl, clad in a thin night dress; her feet were bare; her hair dishevelled and falling on her shoulders; she was wet and spattered with mud, and in her arms was a tiny babe, closely folded in a dripping blanket; its eyes were shut, its face drawn and waxy, and Miss Barton saw at a glance that it was past all help. The girl was too young to be its mother, but she clutched it tightly to her bosom, looking blankly before her with vacant eyes, whose expression of horror and misery wrung the hearts of the two women by her side.

Miss Barton laid her hand gently on the stooping shoulder; 'My dear, give me the baby. I am sure you will trust me, and let us take care of you.'

With firm authority she unclasped the clenched fingers and took the dead baby. 'Here, Helen, give the baby a bed on that box, and now, my dear child, let me get you something to wear.'

She stooped to the first bundle at her feet—which, as it happened, was the one we know of — and pulling out a package of underwear, found several of Bertha's flannel shirts. 'Here is just what you need. I can not give you more than one, but let us put on this, and oh! see, what a lovely dress for you — it just fits, and how pretty and comfortable.' As she talked her skilful fingers drew off the wet gown and put on the warm clothing. 'Now, I want you to go with this young lady to the hospital tent, where you will have proper food and medicine.'

Under the spell of Miss Barton's sympathetic voice the young girl yielded passively, and, with her eyes still fixed in the same stony stare, she followed Helen to the tent close by.

The young doctor in charge found time to hear her, and to say, 'Why, this child is starving? How long since you have had any food?'

A wistful gleam in the fixed eyes was his only answer, but it was all he needed to make him begin at once to feed her on tiny spoonfuls of soup. Although her eyes followed the bowl of broth with returning intelligence, the doctor gave her but little nourishment, and ,wrapping her in his own coat, bade her lie down on the mattress he had spread on the ground.

Watched by Miss Helen, it was not long before the girl sank into an uneasy slumber, to which the busy people around her left her in peace.

When she awoke the vacant look in her eyes had died away, and the young doctor, who had been touched by her youth and despair—even in the midst of the indescribable misery all about him—came to her side as she stirred. She opened her eyes with a languid smile, but this immediately gave place to a start of surprise and a burst of anguish, which required the doctor's firmest control. He brought her more bread and broth, insisting she should eat just so much and no more; and when Helen returned to inquire after her protege, she found her sitting up, still the image of despair, but able to tell in fragments, and with many a pause of agony, the story of her escape.

'You see, father had just gone down town to meet the afternoon train, and I was in bed with a sick headache, when suddenly we heard someone galloping past, calling out: 'The dam is broken! Fly for your lives!' We had often talked of what we should do if a flood came, and father always said he would go on the roof. So mother caught up baby, and told me to take the twins by the hand, and we rushed to the garret. When we got there we found the trap-door fastened, so it was impossible to undo it and climb to the roof; but when the awful water came we sat on the windowsills, and then it could not reach us. But presently we felt the house begin to tremble and rock, and we knew, mother and I, that it would soon be off like the others which were floating past us. So mother took an old table with leaves, and these she tied down tight, so as to make a box, she pushed it out of the window, and put the twins in it, and then shoved it off. Mother told me she did this to save them, for if the house was swept away it would dip on one side like all the others, and that would surely drown us, if we stayed in that room. So she set the twins afloat, and hardly were they off, when a big log hit the table, upset it, and—we—saw—the—boys—drown!

'Then mother said we would stay, perhaps it was safer; but finally the house gave a twist—such an awful twist—and turned, so that the water came rushing in at the window, and mother had only time to give me the baby as she was swept past me. I was washed out too, but—I don't know how,—I grabbed at the shutter and held up the baby, and pretty soon I saw I could climb to the roof. By and by—I can't tell how long — the house stopped floating all of a sudden; it seemed to have been pushed into shallow water at one side — and although lots of things, people and cattle and houses and trees, went past us at a little distance, the things immediately around us stood still like our house. I don't remember much else—I grew cold and hungry, and the baby cried and cried; I think I saw a big fire—it seemed so—after a while I knew the baby was dead —and then I saw men in a boat—and they came to me and wanted to take the baby, but I could not give her up, and that is all.'

Here the poor child broke down completely, and it was many hours before she was able to tell her story more coherently.

When she was once more able to be dressed she was so listless and woe-begone that Helen tried to charm the look of despair from her eyes, by giving her work to do for the many suffering children around them. It was not long before she needed her pocket, and then, as a matter of course, she discovered the letter that had been hiding there all this time.

She drew it out in great surprise, and read it, with a faint flush of pleasure—the first her kind friends had seen. Borrowing a pencil from the doctor, she wrote on the blank sheet:

Dear Bertha Taylor:

I received your letter in the pocket of the dress you sent me. I can never thank you enough, and hope you will be my friend. The flood has carried away my father and mother, my little sister and two brothers. If you want to write to me I shall be glad to write to you. Your friend,

REGA DELISSA NICHOLS.

Care Miss Barton,
Red Cross Society, Johnstown, Pa.

When Bertha Taylor read this letter she was almost too happy to read it, and carried it in triumph to her mother.

What was her surprise to see Mrs. Taylor lean back in her chair, pale and trembling.

'Why, mamma! what is the matter?' she stammered.

'Bertha,' said her mother, 'I once had a very dear and lovely sister whose name was Rega. You never heard of her, because for years her name has never been mentioned in the family—especially since grandpa came to live with us—for in her youth she ran away with her music teacher, and father never forgave her, forbidding us to mention her name. The teacher was a young Frenchman, Victor Delissa, and here you see are the two names, Rega Delissa. Is it not strange? I feel as if something must come of it. Let us go to your father and ask his advice.'

The advice came promptly: 'Telegraph at once to Miss Barton to find out this child's story.'

You can easily guess the rest. Miss Barton, already interested in Rega, had no difficulty in learning from her that her mother had been married twice, once to Rega's father, and again to Mr. Nichols, whose name the young girl had taken, through her love for him. Sure of these facts, Mrs. Taylor lost no time in bringing Rega to Philadelphia, there introducing her to the stern grandfather, whose heart melted when he heard the child's sad story, and saw in her eyes the look of pathetic woo, which at once attracted every one's attention.

In his home she is now a bright and winsome girl, filling a place in his life none other can occupy.

And, as for Bertha, she claims almost exclusive possession of her heroine, her darling cousin Rega, and she always insists, when reference is made to the old days, that she can also claim the brilliant idea which gave the dear child her proper place.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Not Ashamed.

(Some Last Words.)

(By Sally Campbell, in 'Forward.')

Charley Peters was going to college. With his hat and his grip in his hand, he ran upstairs to say goodbye to his grandmother.

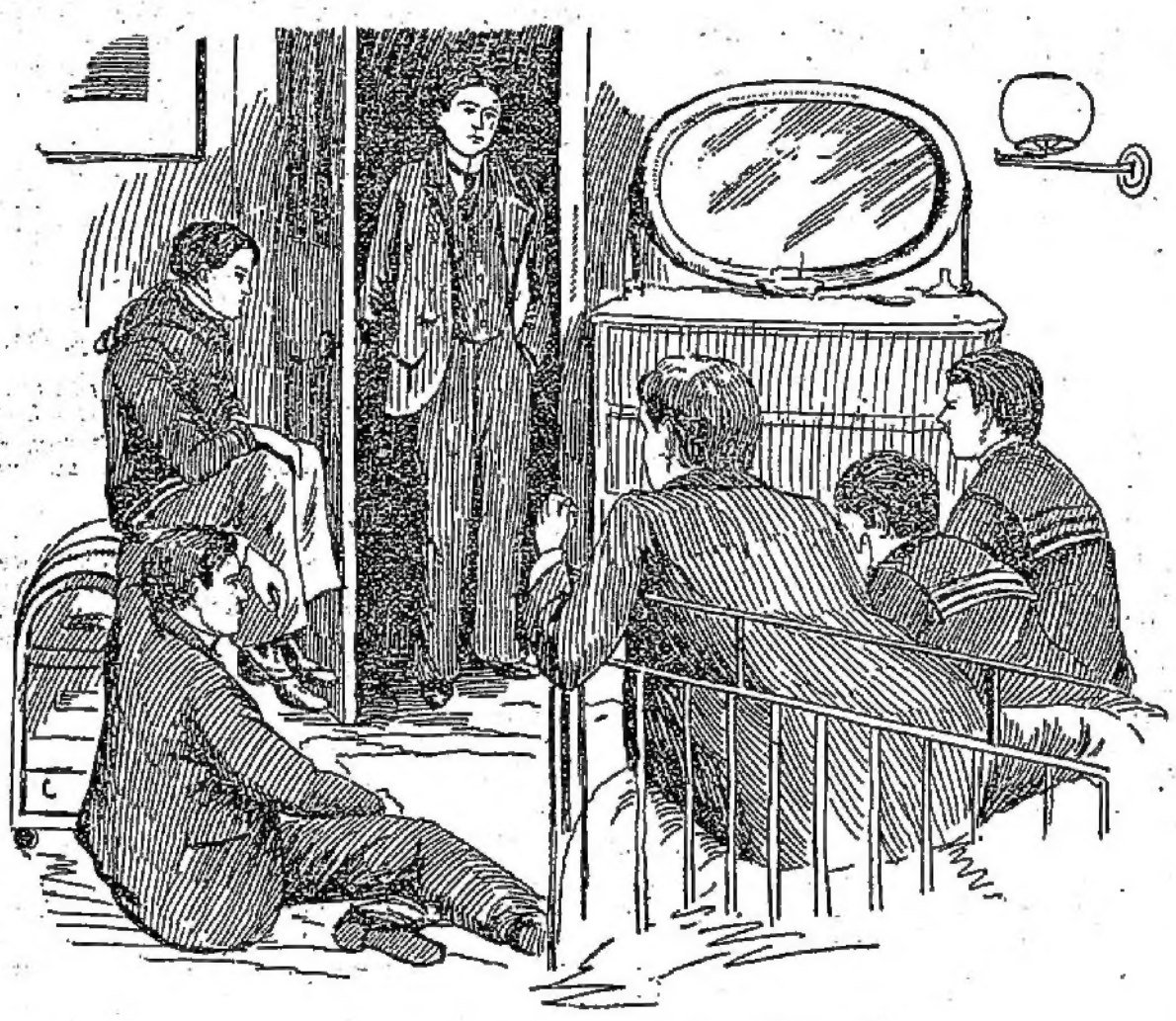
'I am about to start,' he said, gaily, 'if you have any last words, now is the time for them.'

The old lady looked lovingly at her big, broad-shouldered grandson, and reached out a gentle hand to lay on his arm.

'Try to do your duty, my boy,' she said, 'and try not to make a secret of it. It will help the other young fellows to do theirs.'

'Dear Grandmother!' was all that Charley said, as he stooped for his goodbye kiss. But he carried the little sermon off with him.

One night a group of freshmen were gathered in Dan George's room. They were sitting on the bed, the table, the floor—everywhere but on the chairs. Three weeks before they had been strangers; now they were chatting and chaffing together like lifelong friends. As the hands of Dan's clock drew near to half-past seven, Charley Peters rose to go.



'I DON'T CARE ABOUT GOING ON THE SLY.'

'What's the matter,' said Dan, 'you are not going to leave us?'

'Yes, I must. I have an engagement.'

'Forget it,' said Billy Archer, 'Break it. We can't let you go; your company is so delightful.'

'That's true,' said Charley, modestly, 'but you must try to comfort one another, and hope to meet again.'

He was half-way down the narrow corridor of the dormitory, when he hesitated. A moment later he opened Dan's door again, and put his head in.

'Look here,' he said, 'you fellows need not suffer the pangs of curiosity. I am going to Professor Dean's bible-class, and I don't care about going on the sly.'

He slammed the door and departed, this time to stay. There was a moment's silence in the room after he had departed.

'What was that for?' asked Dan.

'Advertisement,' said Billy.

'But he didn't wait for any of us to go with him.'

'There are several ways of advertising,' remarked Billy, 'and beware of imitations.'

'If Peters is a Sunday-school boy,' said Mat Hewlitt, 'I am afraid he has dropped into the wrong pond. He will be a queer fish among all of us; for I guess we are none of us saints, exactly.'

'Don't be cast down,' said Billy, consolingly; 'he may be worse than you fear. Going to bible-class once in a while doesn't altogether make a saint.'

'What do you know about it, old man?' asked Dan.

To this question Billy made no answer, and the talk went on to something else.

A few days later Mat said to the others, 'What do you suppose Peters was upholding at club to-night?'

'Morning chapel?' asked Dan.

'We were all talking,' Mat went on, 'about what an abominable screw out of the fellows that missionary fund is. And he must needs put in and sermonize about missions being pretty nearly as deserving an object as athletics, and what a pity it was that the "college spirit," couldn't include our dues to the heathen as well as the foot-ball championship.'

'Wasn't it scandalous?' said Billy, 'What could he have meant by it?'

'Something serious,' said Dan. 'I really think that Peters must be a genuine case. For when a man wishes to put his hand in his pocket for that sort of thing, it goes a good way to prove his saintship.'

Up in his own room Charley was struggling with the unpleasant sense of having felt obliged to say something not relished by his hearers.

'It is so much easier,' he thought, ruefully, 'to do what you consider right, than to own up to it publicly. Why did Grandmother put in that clause? It will come whispering in my ears, whenever I'd like to keep my principles to myself. And then I have to take the stump for them. And then the fellows think I am a prig—which does not matter, I suppose. But what good does it do?'

It was not long before Mat Hewlitt began to 'work,' one of his many 'schemes,' for which he had been famous in his preparatory days. He and Dan and Billy were talking it over one afternoon.

'Charley Peters would be just the one to help,' said Mat, 'if he will.'

'He won't,' said Dan.

'Why not?'

'Well, because everything has to hang so awfully plumb for him. And this'—Dan hesitated over the end of his sentence.

'Isn't in the bible,' suggested Billy, dryly.

'Pshaw!' said Mat. 'We must have a little fun. We will ask him.'

He went to the window and shouted up to the next story.

'Hello, Charley Peters!'

Charley came down.

The plan was expounded to him, and he was urged to join in it.

'You are the only man in the class who can help us out,' said Mat, 'and we rely on you.'

'I can't do it,' said Charley.

'Yes, you can. It is the very thing you can do. You must.'

Charley shook his head.

'Why not?' said Dan.

Before there was any time for an answer, Mat said, sneeringly:

'Because he is afraid of getting his hands dirty, dear little boy.'

Charley squared his shoulders, and by an unconscious gesture, stretched his strong young fingers out before him.

'I am, indeed!' he said, energetically. 'When I came here to college I came with the intention of keeping my hands clean; and, please God, I mean to do it.'

That night Billy Archer came to Charley's room.

'Peters,' he said, 'I wish with all my soul I were you!'

Charley was too much surprised to speak.

'When I first went off to school,' Billy went on, 'I meant to be good; I honestly did. But, like a fool, I was ashamed of it. And little by little I gave in to what my conscience told me was wrong, until now nobody supposes that I have any conscience. I dare say you thought me the most hardened of our crowd.'

Charley could not deny it.

There was a moment's silence. Then Billy said, hesitatingly, 'I wonder whether I could'—

'Yes,' interrupted Charley, eagerly. 'You can. You will. You will begin over, and do right.'

'Will you stand by me?'

'Yes, I will—and One better than I, Billy.'

It was months after this that Charley wrote to his grandmother:

'I have tried to do my duty, and I have tried to be open about it. And it has helped somebody else, just as you said it would.'

Breaking His Way Through.

(By Julia H. Johnston.)

A rugged young fellow was Duncan McCulloch, and stout of heart as he was strong of limb and muscle. Some of the neighboring farmer lads might have been a trifle more brisk than he, but none surpassed him in the admirable quality of persistency.

'My son,' said Mr. McCulloch, one winter day, 'I want to talk with you about my affairs.'

This token of confidence enlisted the boy's interest at once, and when the father detailed some losses that had come, making

strict economy needful, Duncan was ready to do all that he could to help.

'I can't bear to have you leave school, lad,' was the regretful conclusion of the matter, 'but I'll have to dismiss Thomas and will need you in his place. With all the stock to care for, you'll be kept busy daytimes, but nights you can study. Remember, my boy, that giving up school for the present does not mean giving up book-learning. Please God, you'll have an education yet, though you may have to get it the hardest way instead of the easiest.'

'I don't mind things being hard,' said Duncan, proudly, 'I'll get on somehow.'

'I'm sorry to lose you as a scholar, my lad,' said Mr. Malcolm, the Scotch schoolmaster, who had a specially friendly feeling for the McCulloch family. 'You'll find it hard to keep up your studies without help, I'm afraid. It is an untried, unbroken way before you.'

'Then, I'll break my way through,' said Duncan.

'I would like to help such a bold student,' thought Mr. Malcolm, and it was finally arranged that Duncan should come to the schoolmaster on Saturday afternoon for recitations and for assistance in lessons for the week to come.

Now this young fellow was not an ardent lover of study simply for its own sake. But he had grown up with the conviction, early instilled, that to be worth anything in the world, one must know something, and he was determined to know all that he could. Week after week, therefore, he trudged off on Saturdays, no matter what the weather, and came back aglow with exercise and courage.

'You can't go to Mr. Malcolm's to-day,' exclaimed little Alison McCulloch one morning, looking out upon a white world, after a night's heavy snow-fall. 'You said you were to go in the morning this time, and there isn't a track along the road to his house. Nobody will go by in time to make any tracks, either.'

'Pooh,' exclaimed Duncan, 'I'll make my own tracks then, thank you. If there isn't a way, I'll make a way.'

Soon after, he set off through the drifts, wearing rubber boots and shaggy cap, bending his head to the sharp blast, and pressing on through the falling flakes. He was so absorbed in a mathematical problem which had puzzled him the night before, that he gave small heed to the difficulties of the way. The problem had baffled him utterly, and he was eager for the help that would enable him to solve it.

When the lessons were over, the problem solved, and Duncan had received unusual commendation from his teacher, the boy thought nothing of the homeward way.

'I've had a splendid time with Mr. Malcolm,' he exclaimed, entering the family room, and bringing a breath of invigorating air with him.

He stopped as he noticed a visitor, but his face brightened as he recognized Mr. Fowler, his pastor. Everyone welcomed the minister's visits. He had come to that delightful middle-point in life, where, having come far enough to know much of the besetments of the path, he could still look back easily to his youth.

To-day Mr. Fowler had come out in the storm to see a sick parishioner in the neighborhood, and Mr. McCulloch, espying him in the drifts, had brought him in to wait till passing teams had broken the track.

Later in the day it came about that Duncan, having finished some tasks of his own, was left with the minister for a while in the cheerful sitting-room. Mr. Fowler began to talk about the studies that interested the boy, and soon had from him an account of his plans and efforts.

'I'm getting ready to be a man,' the young fellow said, earnestly. 'I had a talk with Mr. Malcolm this morning about the way before me. He said that I might have to try a path that no one else had taken exactly, but that was no matter; I must break my way through, as I did through the drifts today, because I wanted what was at the other end.'

'Bravo! That was good advice, and you will follow it, I am sure,' said Mr. Fowler, with hearty interest. 'But, Duncan,' and the kind voice still kept its every-day, genial tone,' while you are getting ready to be a man, I want you to prepare for Christian manhood. The way to do this, is to begin now, and let your youth be Christian in aim and effort, I have been waiting anxiously, my boy, to see you start in this path. I wonder why you don't.'

Duncan's eyes met his pastor's direct gaze, frankly, for a moment, and then he turned away.

'I'll tell you honestly, Mr. Fowler,' he said, presently, 'I'm not certain bout keeping on in that way, if I begin, and I'd rather not start till I'm sure about that. I'd be ashamed to give it up if I once set out.'

'And well you might be,' was the emphatic reply, 'but that is no reason for not setting out. Duncan, is not what lies at the end of the path worth striving for at any cost? Can you afford not to walk in this way? Let me tell you that, although you have not passed over it, it is not an untrodden path, like that you took this morning. Multitudes have passed over it and have been faithful to the end, "kept by the power of God." He is able to keep you. Trust him to do it.'

'I know,' Mr. Fowler went on, as his listener sat silent, 'that you have a sturdy and manly way of breaking your way through, as you call it; and this is commendable, in difficulties where God expects you to use the power given to you; but, in believing and following Jesus, you do not have to make the way. He has gone before, and you must "follow his steps," not in your strength, but in his. Trust him as Saviour first, and then as Guide and Keeper.'

Here they were interrupted, and Duncan left the room, pondering, as many a thoughtful boy has done, the supreme question of life. He could not make his own way to heaven—should he take Christ's way? Will you?—'Wellspring.'

The Humming of the Telegraph Wires.

You have all heard the humming and singing of telegraph and telephone wires as you passed the poles along the streets. No doubt you have concluded that it is caused by the action of the wind on the wires, and have given it no further thought. But it is not true that the singing is caused by the wind; and, if you are at all observant, you will notice that often the humming sound is to be heard those cold winter mornings when the smoke from chimneys goes straight up until it is lost in the clouds, and when the frost on the wire is as fuzzy and thick as a roll of chenille fringe. The wind has nothing to do with the sound, and, according to an Austrian scientist, the vibrations are due to the changes of atmospheric temperature, and especially through the action of cold, as a lowering of temperature induces a shortening of the wires extending over the whole of the conductor. A considerable amount of friction is produced upon the supporting bells, thus inducing sounds both in the wires and poles. When this humming has been going on, birds have mistaken the sound for insects inside the poles, and have been seen to peck with their bills on the outside, as they do upon the apple and other trees. A bear once mistook the humming noise to come from a nest of bees, and clawed at the pole and tore away the stones at its base, in the hope of finding the much coveted honey.—'Journal of Commerce.'

Remembered For What He Had Done.

A poor victim of intemperance in his last moments was visited by a neighbor of his who had furnished him the rum which brought him to ruin and a drunkard's grave, who asked him whether he remembered him. The dying man, forgetting his struggle with the king of terrors, said, 'Yes, I remember you, and I remember your store, where I formed the habit which has ruined me for this world and the next. And when I am dead and gone, and you come and take from my widow and fatherless children the shattered remains of my property to pay my drink debts, they too will remember you.' And he added, as they both attended the same church, 'Yes, brother, we shall all remember you to all eternity.' And he might have added, 'You, too, will remember them, and remember what you did, for the sake of money, to bring their husband and father to the drunkard's grave, and to take from the widow and the fatherless not merely property but that which no wealth can purchase, and which when taken no power on earth can restore.' And we might add: he will remember himself, as the author, the guilty, wretched author, of mischief which eternity cannot repair; and which may teach him in deeper and deeper wailings, that it profits a man nothing to gain the world and lose his soul, or be accessory to the loss of the souls of others.—'National Advocate.'

Cold Water.

(By Hiram Hatchet.)

You may boast of your brandy and wine as you please,
Gin, cider, and all the rest;
Cold water transcends them in all the degrees;
It is good—it is better—'tis best.

It is good to warm you when you are cold;
Good to cool you when you are hot;
It is good for the young—it is good for the old,
Whatever their outward lot.

It is better than brandy to quicken the blood;
It is better than wine for the generous mood;
Than whiskey or rum for a frolic.

'Tis the best of all drinks for quenching your thirst;
'Twill revive you for work or for play;
In sickness or health 'tis the best and the first—
Oh! try it; you'll find it will pay.
—'Temperance Banner.'

Near one of the Hebrides Islands is a lighthouse which carries no lamp, but instead bears a mirror which simply reflects out to sea a strong light shot upon it from the shore. This is the kind of a lighthouse every Christian preacher—yes, every Christian—should be.—'Golden Rule.'

The Gifts of Life.

They had been girls at school together, and all their lives had lived in the same busy little town, and they continued fast friends long after their schooldays were over.

Even as a child, Alice Moreham had given promise of unusual beauty, and when she budded into womanhood, there was not a lovelier face than hers to be seen in all Selwood. She was only nineteen when her beauty attracted the eyes of Mr. George Earle, one of the owners of a great carpet factory, and a man nearly twice her years, who sought her hand in marriage.

On her marriage she severed every connection with her past life, including her friendship with Bessie Linton. The latter was piqued beyond measure, and, though for a time, she pretended great indifference to her old friend's apparent good fortune, suffered many secret pangs of envy.

A year later she married a young engine-man in the carpet-factory; so, in these widely different positions the two girls took up the responsibilities and duties of wifehood.

Time went on and many children came home to the engine-man and Bessie; while in their magnificent house, in a select quarter of the town, George Earle and Alice lived childless and alone. Bessie gave way to open envy of her old friend; and as the years passed, and her own lot seemed to grow harder, this feeling increased.

When she happened to be out marketing with a baby in her arms, and other little ones tugging at her skirts, it filled her with a kind of frenzy if Alice chanced to roll by in her carriage, dressed in the costliest raiment that money could buy. She would not suffer herself to look at her, though once she saw Alice's lovely eyes fixed on her with a world of wistful yearning in their depths.

It was Christmas Eve; but, the peace and gladness of Christmastide were sadly lacking from the little two-roomed house to which Bessie had come as a bride twelve years before. The husband had been laid aside with a severe attack of pleurisy, and, though he was now on the road to recovery, it would be a few weeks before he was able to return to his work. He had received the half of his usual wage from the beginning of his illness, but it was a small sum to meet the needs of a sick man and fill the mouths of seven hungry children besides, and Bessie's heart grew fierce within her as she listened to the constant cry for something to eat.

More than once her husband had urged her to go to his master, George Earle, and seek some relief, but she persistently refused. George Earle was known to be a hard man, but even had he been one of the most benevolent, the mere fact that he was Alice's husband was enough.

Bessie had spent the day railing bitterly against the misfortunes of their lot, and, when evening came, went out with a few shillings in her purse—all she possessed in the world—to see what she could procure to keep them from absolute starvation for another day. She left the eldest girl in charge of her sick father, and took the baby and another of the younger ones with her. Both were bright, rosy children, and the bustle of the streets pleased and amused them.

Happy-faced mothers and sisters were hurrying in and out of the shops, laden with suspicious-looking brown-paper parcels, and thinking, doubtless, of the wonderful surprises that many would get on joyful Christmas morning, when they discovered the contents of these parcels.

There was nothing very tempting in Bessie's basket—a loaf of bread, a tiny bit of meat for her husband, and a few bones and a handful of vegetables to make soup for the children.

When these purchases were made, to please Nell, the little girl she had brought with her, she stood to let her look at a splendid display of toys in one of the shop windows.

Nell's eyes grew large with wonder and delight when she saw the white woolly lambs, the cats and dogs, and last of all, the lovely pink-cheeked dolls. She entreated her mother to buy her one of the dolls, and, being sharply refused, began to cry bitterly.

Bessie seized hold of her arm and was about to drag her away, when someone came alongside of them, and, turning, she saw Alice. It was the first time for thirteen years that the two women had stood face to face, and the contrast between them was almost tragic.

Bessie looked twice her years; the spirit of envy and discontent had aged her before her time, and the expression in her face at that moment was not good to see.

Alice had changed, too. She was still beautiful, though her cheeks had lost their roundness, and there was a certain pathetic droop about her finely moulded lips. Neither were those wistful, yearning eyes like the sunlit eyes of old. It was this fact that kept Bessie from hurrying away before Alice had time to speak.

'You have not forgotten me, Bessie,' she said, sadly. 'I have longed so often to see you again, but for some reason you seemed to be angry with me, and I was afraid of you. Come, let us be friends for one night, at least, just as we used to be, long, long ago.'

'You don't need me now,' replied Bessie, ungraciously. 'You have plenty of fine friends, and everything you want.'

'Everything I want,' repeated Alice, with a low, mocking laugh; 'you are quite wrong. I have got everything but what I want—Bessie! I would give up everything I have just to put that baby's head on my breast and know that it was mine — altogether mine. I am so hungry for love, have always wanted it, would have had it rather than all the riches in the world. But, ah me! the riches are given without stint and the love withheld. Why is it so?'

'I can't say, but it's a pity we've each got what the other wants,' said Bessie; but there was a distinct softening in her voice. 'I think I could get along without the babies if I had the riches.'

'If you were in my place you would not think so,' said Alice, still passionately. 'Give me your baby in my arms just for a minute. I dream often what it must be to have a little one like that to love; it is so lonely sometimes.'

'You have your husband,' said Bessie, as she gave up the child.

'Yes,' answered Alice, slowly, and paused for a moment to watch the child nestling its head wonderingly against her rich furs; 'but he has no time to think of me,' she went on, 'and he is so engrossed in money-making I seldom see him. We are not unhappy, but my heart sickens and hungers for want of love. Dear little innocent thing; O, Bessie, do not think any longer that I am more fortunate than you. God has given you the best blessing. You might let me help you, and so put to some use my seemingly useless life. I overheard your little girl's eager pleading before you turned and saw me. Come, we will go into the shop and buy a doll for her now. My purse is full enough, and I am tired of buying things for myself.'

Bessie yielded, and they all went into the toy shop. Alice bought the prettiest doll that was to be had, then proceeded to select something for each of the other children. Much to Bessie's astonishment, she knew all their names, and the age of each one.

When the purchases were made she insisted on walking home with her old friend to help to carry the parcels; and as they went Bessie unfolded her troubles. Alice was greatly concerned when she heard all, and stopped by the way to order provisions.

'God reward you for your goodness,' said Bessie, brokenly, and wrung Alice's hand at parting.

'I deserve no reward,' Alice gravely replied. 'To-night I have learned for the first time the true meaning of riches. God forgive me for neglecting his privileges so long.'

'God forgive me, too, for my foolish envy and discontent,' said Bessie to herself, as she re-entered her humble home; and, looking round the group of happy faces, her heart thrilled with joy for the first time in her own possessions.—London 'Globe.'

Faithful African Porters.

Among African explorers the Zanzibari, or native porters, have mostly had a bad name. Mr. Drummond, for example, calls them 'black villians,' 'necessity and despair of travellers, the scum of old slave gangs,' and more of the same sort. It is pleasant, therefore, to find one recent English traveller, Mr. Gregory, in his volume, 'The Great Rift Valley,' speaking in a very different tone. Of his force of porters, only twenty-four know to what tribe they belonged, and these twenty-four represented no less than fourteen tribes. The head man, Omari by name, had been trained by Mr. Stanley, and a very good head man he was.

'Once,' says Mr. Gregory, 'after being forty hours without water, we came upon a scanty supply, and Omari refused his share. He shook his head at first, for our tongues were so dry and stiff that we could hardly speak, and then stammered out that he was not thirsty. When I insisted on his taking his small share he quietly handed it to the porter who seemed the most overcome with thirst.

'Afterward I asked him how he had denied himself. He said:

'"It is nothing! I have seen Bula Matari (Stanley) do the same thing lots of times, and if he could do it, Inshalla, so can I.

One of the porters, called Wadi, though a man of 'a bad record,' as Mr. Gregory said, was a worthy mate of Omari. After a hard day's work he would walk miles in search of herbs for food, and then give them all to others.

'He was my most faithful personal attendant,' says the author. 'When we were in a waterless camp at night, Wadi would wait till no one was looking, and then sneak my water bottle and fill it up from his own calabash.'

When the food supplies were approaching exhaustion, and all hands were on short rations, Wadi saved half of his, day after day, meaning to give it to Mr. Gregory when the pinch came.

The caravan is governed pretty strictly by rules, and each man has his own work. The porters carry their loads from camp to camp. All other work is done by another set of men known as Askari, of whom there is one to each ten porters. Of the relations of the two, Mr. Gregory has the following testimony to bear:

'The Askari do not carry loads unless a porter is taken ill on the march, and then the Askari is at liberty, before taking up the

man's burden, to give him ten blows with a stick as a safeguard against malingering. This is a recognized right, though the Askari do not as a rule insist upon it unless in an obvious case of imposition. I never saw it enforced.

'On the contrary, in case of illness the men were always ready to help one another, and several times I saw an Askari insist upon taking a load from a sick man pluckily struggling to bear up under it.'

The porter's creed consists of two articles: Thou shalt not drop or abandon the load: thou shalt not steal from it.

How well they live up to this creed is shown by the behaviour of one of Mr. Gregory's crew, 'not one of my best men,' he says; 'in fact, one of the worst.'

'The caravan was climbing a mountain. The man had been caught in a snow-storm. He could not drag his load up the steep slope that led to our camp, and he would not go on without it. It was a mere matter of etiquette. The load would have been all right if he had left it, and there were no natives to steal it; but it was against the porter's religion to leave it, and he sat upon it.

'After an hour's search, I found him half covered in snow, lying on his load, nearly frozen to death. A little stimulant revived him, but he was too weak to stand, and I had to carry him up to camp. The next morning, when he was better, but while I was still suffering from irritation at having had to hunt for him in the snow-storm, I told him he was a fool to stop there, and that he ought to have left his load and come on when he could have done so.

'"How could I leave my load without my master's order?" was the man's reproachful reply. Such is the stuff of which a good Zanzibari is made.'—'Youth's Companion.'

A Miracle of Grace.

(By C. T. Studd.)

I was brought up to dislike religion. The first thing that ever impressed me was my father's conversion. I would as soon have thought of changing a pair of shoes into a table as changing my father into a Christian. He was a wealthy sportsman, and he brought us up to be the same. He wanted us to be manly fellows. There were three of us boys, and he used to put us on thoroughbred horses and take us out into the country, and make us hunt after him, and if we did not keep up with him in the chase he was sure to be after us and make us. He taught us to swim, and then, when he thought we had had enough of the theory, he pitched us in headforemost, and compelled us to struggle for our lives.

When Mr. Moody came over to England my father used to read in the papers about his great meetings, and he was struck by the novelty of the thing. One day he threw the paper down and said: 'If that man comes to London I must go and hear him. There must be something good in him since the papers abuse him so much.' My father had a friend in Dublin who had just been converted at Mr. Moody's meetings there, although my father did not know it. He came over to visit my father about the time Mr. Moody was beginning his meetings in London.

In our stables there were about forty race horses; there was one in particular that my father knew to be certain to win, and he sent word to this Irish friend, informing him of this privately and advising him to back this horse with heavy betting, for he was sure to make a lot of money on him. The next time he met his friend he asked him how much he had put up on the horse. 'Nothing,' he said. My father told him he was a fool, but he asked him, all the same, to come and dine with him. After dinner they proposed to go out, and my father asked him where they would go. He politely declined to choose, but when my father insisted, he suggested that they go and hear Mr. Moody. 'Oh, no,' said my father, 'not there, anywhere else.' 'But,' said his friend, 'you told me you would go where I chose, and I hold you to your word.' 'All right,' said my father, and so they went. The hall was very crowded, and my friend knew that if he did not get a good seat for my father he would never come back again. So he stepped up to Mr. Matheson, one of the committee, and said, 'I have got a big sportsman here that I want to get converted, won't you get him a good seat?' Mr. Matheson sat him down right under Mr. Moody's nose, and he never took his eye off the preacher all the evening. Next night, he himself proposed to go back and said he wanted to hear that man again who told him all that he ever did. He took my little sister with him. At the close she wanted to go into the inquiry meeting, and he said, 'Oh, no, not there.'

Next day he wanted to take the little girl back again, but she refused. 'No,' she said, 'I won't go unless you let me do as I please.' 'All right,' he said, 'you can do as you please,' and so they went. At the close of the meeting she insisted on going into the inquiry meeting. He said, 'Oh, no, dear, not there.' 'But you told me I could do as I pleased.' And so he had to go in with her to take care of her, and before he had got many steps inside the room he was talking to one of the workers, and before the night was over he was a converted man.

You never saw such a change in any man. It was the same skin, but another man was inside of it. We all thought him crazy—quite off his head — and, indeed, he was, but he had got into his heart instead. He sold his horses and gave up his sporting. He went to Mr. Moody to ask what he should do about his old life—shooting, hunting and horse racing. Mr. Moody said, 'I have nothing to say about the hunting and shooting. God will show you all about that, but horse racing includes betting, and betting is wrong.' It was not long until they all went.

But it was a good while before I got really converted. I could not see the way of accepting Christ. One night in the inquiry room a friend quoted the verse, 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life,' and asked me if I believed the verse. I said 'Yes,' 'Do you believe it all?' I thought I did. 'Do you believe the first part of it, that God gave his only begotten Son to save men?' 'Yes.' 'Do you believe the last part, that you have everlasting life?' 'Why, no,' I said, 'I don't think I do.' 'Well,' he said, 'what consistency is there in believing the first half and not believing the second part?' And then I saw that all I had to do was to believe. And, then, in a moment, I was on my knees, thanking God that I had everlasting life.

It was a good while before I had a soul. One night as I sat beside my brother's bed, where he lay apparently dying with malignant fever and hemmorrhages, I began to think, 'What is the good of all his sporting now to him, all his athletics, all his physical manhood and all his college honors?' And in his life I saw my own, and I realized that it was wasted, and there and then I gave myself to God, never to lose another moment or opportunity, but to live to get someone else saved. God was pleased to answer prayer and raised up my dear brother, and he is now preaching the gospel in Los Angelos. It was not long before I was at work winning souls, and the first one God gave me was one of my greatest friends.

Since then it has been the joy and business of my life.—'Christian Alliance.'

A Midnight Call.

In 1866 a ragged street-urchin strayed into a ragged-school. The school was held in a disused donkey-stable in London, and the teacher was a poor young medical student, with but few friends.

It was a raw winter night, and when the rest of the scholars had gone, Jim remained behind and looked longingly at the fire. He pleaded earnestly to be allowed to remain in the room in the stable in which they were. 'I won't do no 'arm,' he begged. But the idea seemed impractical to Dr. Barnardo, the teacher.

'What will your mother think?' he asked, 'or your father? Or friends?'

'I ain't got none,' was the comprehensive answer.

'Where do you live?'

'Don't live nowhere.'

The teacher, who was skeptical as to the truthfulness of a street-arab, questioned the boy sharply, but he insisted on the truthfulness of the sad story. He had absolutely nowhere to go, and begged piteously to be allowed to sleep by the fascinating fire. The medical student finally concluded that possibly he spoke the truth, and that in the great city there might be others who were homeless and destitute. 'Tell me,' he said, 'do you know of other boys in London like you, without home and friends?'

'Oh, 'eaps on 'em; more'n I could count!'

To tell the story in a word, that same midnight the boy led his new friend to the gruesome places where the 'Don't-Live-Nowheres,' sleep. The young man saw piteous sights such as he had never before seen. By the hand of this puny messenger God had pulled aside the curtain which had hitherto concealed the miseries of child-life in a great city from Christian observation.

What was the outcome of Jim's appeal? Doctor Barnardo, supremely affected, prayed that it might be given to him to provide shelter for these destitute children. A little later the answer to his prayer came. It was at a dinner, where he introduced the subject and told the guests about little Jim.

'Do you mean to tell us,' some of them asked, incredulously, 'that raw and cold as it is, there are children sleeping absolutely in the open air in London?'

'I do,' said Barnardo.

'Can you show them to us?'

'I can,' was the stout reply.

Cabs were called, and the guests in evening dress drove to the lowest slums near Billingsgate Market, where the young doctor had learned that outcasts slept; but not a boy was to be seen, and his heart fell.

'They'll come out if you'll offer them a copper,' said a policeman, near by.

'A ha'penny apiece, boys, if you'll come out!' shouted one of the gentlemen. Then there was a rustling and a moving. Out of boxes and crates, from under tarpaulins and out of holes, like poor abandoned puppies, as if by magic, many children appeared, clad in utter destitution and abandonment. A more sorrowful sight was never seen, and Lord Shaftesbury, for he was one of the party, said, with other philanthropists, that such misery must come to an end.

Since then, after years of struggle, discouragement and effort, Doctor Barnardo has rescued over twenty-eight thousand children from homelessness. There are now

established eighty-five homes for destitute boys and girls and babies, distributed all over the United Kingdom. At present Dr. Barnardo's family numbers five thousand. It is the largest in the world. Homes and houses, brigades and agencies multiply so rapidly that it takes an expert to keep track of this wonderful philanthropy.

But the best part of the story is that the State has learned a lesson from this huge private charity. Doctor Barnardo has taught, not only Great Britain, but all the governments of the world, the right way to treat the children of the state. He has been a creator of method in a great social movement, which it is not too much to hope will spread intelligently to every city in this country.

Little Jim was in his way a messenger like St. John, crying in a dreary wilderness, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord!' God does not always send his messages to us by the ordinary avenues of spiritual communication. The Christlike heart recognizes God's call for service, from whatsoever quarter it may come; and a little child may lead us.—'Youth's Companion.'

The Price They Paid.

(By Julia M. Terhune.)

How little it costs those who have been brought up in Christian homes and in the Sabbath-school to come out on the Lord's side!

Parents, teachers and pastors are all praying for them, and are waiting and expecting that their prayers will be answered. They are welcomed into the church so warmly, with so much love, and rejoicing, that they feel it to be, as it is, the very best day of their lives.

But not everyone who follows Christ is so treated. I have in mind two boys, both of whom I know, who have learned by experience that believing in Jesus means bitter persecution. One is a young Chinese, who came to this country several years ago. He began to attend a Sunday-school, where he learned to read the bible, in which he became very much interested. After a while he gave himself to Christ, and united with the Church. When he wrote to his father and told him that he had given up the Chinese gods, and had become a Christian, his heart was nearly broken over the letter he received in reply. In it his father cursed him; his mother, also, and all his friends. They prayed that all sorts of evil might overtake him, and punishment befall him. Although he felt their unkindness most keenly, he showed that the Spirit of Christ was in his heart by the sweetness of his reply, in which he said: 'My dear parents and friends, I have never loved you so well as since I have learned to know and love Jesus. If you forbid me to write to you, I can at least pray for you.'

Since then he has gone back to China to tell the story of Jesus, and already some of his family have been converted.

The other boy who found that it cost to serve Christ is a Jew. He knew very little about Jesus. He had read and studied the Old, but had never looked at the New Testament, which he thought a very wicked book. He lived in a Jewish settlement in one of our large cities, where there are a great number of German, Polish and Russian Jews, and where one can walk block after block without seeing an English sign or face, or hearing a word of English except from the policemen. A while ago one of the city missionary societies opened an evening school in this neighborhood, where those men who desired, might learn English. According to the customs of their countries, the women were not supposed to learn anything, for the very first prayer that many of these men had learned began: 'Lord, I thank thee that I was not born a woman.' Among the rest, this boy came to the school. He studied the little primer and read the Old Testament with the others. After some time, through the talk of some of the men with the teacher, his interest was awakened in Jesus, and he began to read the New Testament. One night a few minutes were given to the scholars to say anything they desired or to ask a few questions. This boy stood up, first of all, and tried to speak, but was so white and faint that he could not say what he desired, and he sat down till the rest had spoken. Then he rose again and said: 'I believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God.' I believe that he was the promised Messiah. I believe he is my personal Saviour,' and sat down, while the little room was still as death. Some one who heard him went to his home and told there what the boy had said. As soon as he came in his mother spit in his face, struck him, called him the worst names she could think of, and turned him out of doors. He had been working near by, but was immediately discharged. So he was left homeless, penniless and friendless, save for his Christian friends.

These little stories have made me think how little it costs most of us to follow Christ. They also reminded me of Jesus' own words, 'And everyone who hath forsaken houses or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life.' Those two lads earned the promise.—'Forward.'

Children Who Have Bank Accounts.

(By Hazel Shepard.)

Perhaps some of the children who read this are members of the Stamp-saving Society. If they are, I am sure they will like to hear their society praised, and will be glad to have other children know about it.

There is a stamp-saving Society in Boston, which was founded six years ago and now has one hundred and twenty-five branches in the city, and in Fitchburg, Worcester, Lawrence and New Bedford, there is a society in New York with three hundred stations. Others are in Baltimore, Providence, R.I., and in Cundys Harbor, Me. In the West an organization much like this is called the Nickle-saving Society. It was started in Detroit. Most of these societies, especially in cities, are for children,, but not all of them. That of Providence is patronized mostly, if not wholly, by Portuguese; and that at Cundys Harbor, Me., is for the fishermen, who used to spend all they had in the summer and often were hungry in the winter.

This is the way the boys and girls of New York, Boston and Baltimore, become depositors with their own bank-books. A child takes a cent or more to a station, which he hears of from a teacher at school. He gives his money to a pleasant young lady at the desk, who asks him his name and address, In a few minutes she hands him a brown manilla card and shows him where his name and address are written upon it, and the name of the station where he has deposited his money. Then the young lady unfolds this card and shows him a stamp which she has stuck on a space marked for it, in one corner. It looks much like a postage-stamp, and there are many other spaces, which, she tells him, are for more stamps. She will stick them on as soon as he brings more pennies. She shows him the different stamps she has for different sums, and tells him that when the stamps on his card show that he has deposited $3, he will receive a deposit-book, much like a regular grown-up bank-book.

There is printing on the card, and the young depositor will probably read it all before he gets home: 'A penny saved is a penny gained'; 'a wise man saves for the future'; 'You can't get rich by spending money'; 'When you have a spare cent buy the stamps.' Now, these stamps and the card are really a free gift from the Stamp Society, for when the depositor needs mittens for winter, or wants to buy his Christmas presents, he can draw out his money, or any amount of it.

When the child's pennies and nickels and dimes have amounted to $5, the young lady at the desk usually persuades him to put it into some savings-bank, where it will draw interest. In this way many very poor children have started a bank account and perhaps made the beginnings of their fortunes with pennies that usually go for candies and marbles and paper dolls, The central station of the Boston Stamp Society is at 5 Park square. The largest branch is open on Mondays, between 12 and 1.30, in a room of the South Boston Bank.—'Congregationalist' (Boston).

A Slave Made a Bishop.

American travellers in England, as a rule, make a pilgrimage to the ancient cathedral of Canterbury, which is filled with associations of moment to the historian and the Christian. Here the Crusaders kept vigil before departing to the Holy Land. Here Becket was murdered. The stone steps are still here, worn in deep hollows by the knees of countless pilgrims in past centuries. Every stately pillar and carved stone has its record, of dim, far off days in English history.

One scene, however, which was witnessed in this great minster, is more significant to Americans, vexed as they are with their race problems, than any murder or coronation.

Here, before the high altar, with all the solemn splendor of the ceremonial of the Church of England, a poor freed slave, with a skin as black as coal, was consecrated the first bishop of the Niger.

Ajai, a Yoruba boy of twelve, was taken prisoner with his mother by the Foulah tribe, and sold to Portuguese slave-traders. His mother was left in Africa. An English man-of-war ran down the slave-ship, and brought out from the hold the wretched prisoners, frantic with terror at the white skins and blue eyes of their rescuers. They mistook the cannon-balls on deck for skulls, and the carcass of a hog in the cook's cabin for a human body, and tried to escape from the supposed cannibals by jumping into the sea.

The boy, Ajai, was sent to the mission-school at Sierra Leone. There he was taught the Christian faith, and trained to be a carpenter. He was baptized under the name of Samuel Crowther, but kept, too, his own name, saying, proudly:

'I am Christian. But I am always black and Yoruba.'

He proved to be so faithful and practical, both as a Christian and a negro, that he was sent to England to make known the condition and wants of his people. Large sums were given him, which he used with much sagacity for his race. The Queen sent bibles, Prince Albert, a steel corn-mill and other farming implements, which Ajai taught his people how to use.

On his second visit he was made bishop. He returned to his own tribe, and after long search found his mother. He took her to his home and she became a devout servant of Christ, and lived to a great age. But she persisted in wearing always the decent Yoruba costume, and in speaking that language, answering all arguments by saying:

'I am negro. Jesus will know me in my own skin and in my blanket.'

No man in Africa served the Master more faithfully than Bishop Ajai Crowther. The thoughtful reader in the story of his life can find a meaning which rightly used, will uplift his own.—Exchange.

The Boy Who Would See the World.

('Sunday Reading for the Young.')

Our young friends, no doubt, are well acquainted with the monkey who has seen the world. We are now about to relate a story of a little boy, who set off from his home on the wild project of seeing the world.

Sitting one sunny afternoon reading by his sister's side, near the pretty rustic porch of their country home, Willie Lunnis said to Mary, who was more thoughtful than her brother, 'Oh! shouldn't I like to be a traveller! and see all the wonderful things and animals we read of!'

'I'm sure I shouldn't,' said Mary.

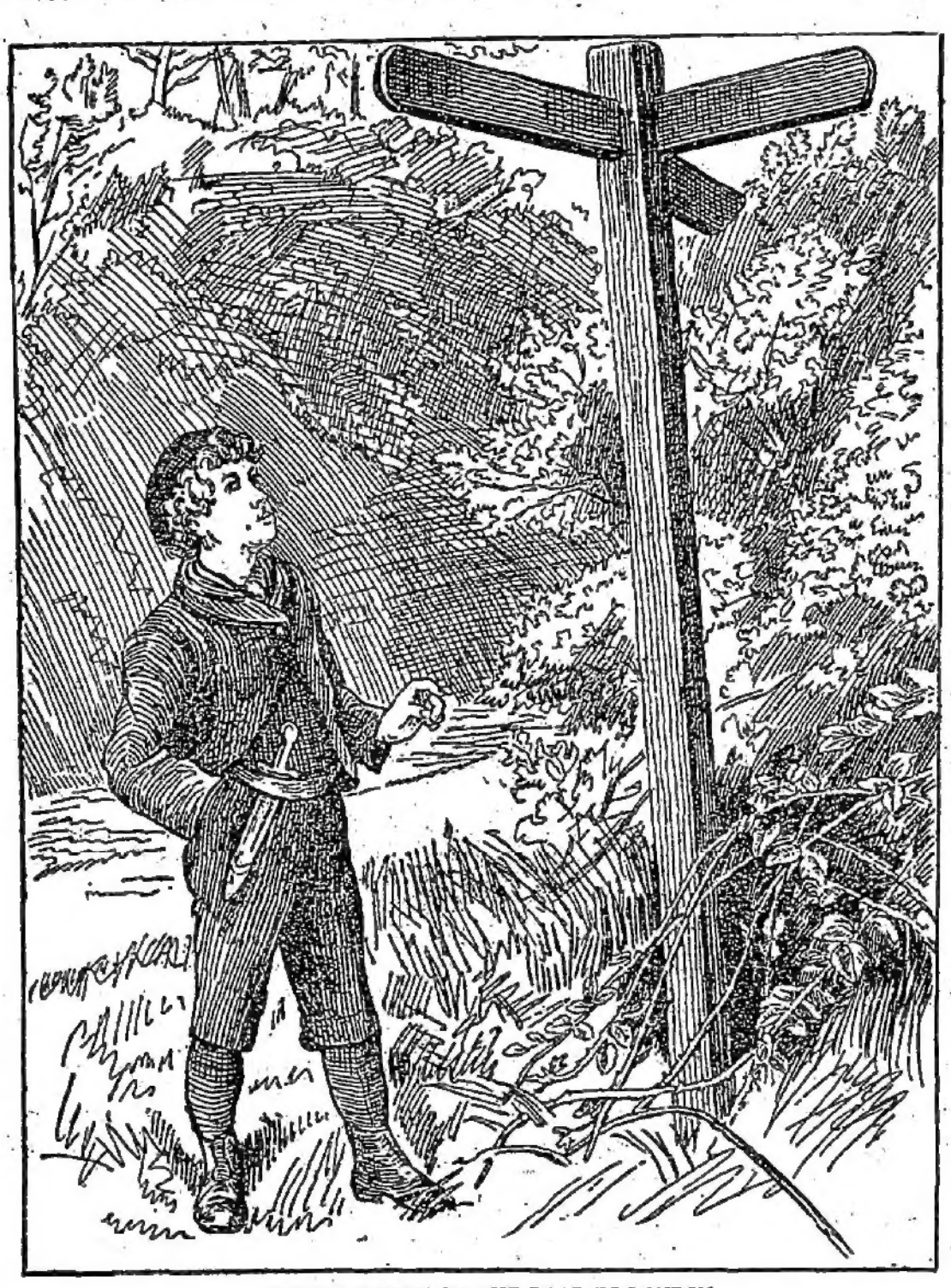
'You! I dare say not! you are nothing but a girl,' said her brother. 'You would be frightened to meet our old tom-cat in the dark but, as for me, if I had a pistol, a gun and a sword, I shouldn't be afraid to meet a lion.'

'Why, the other day you cried for help because you were afraid Farmer Giles's donkey would run away with you!' said Mary, who could hardly speak for laughter at her boastful little brother.

'Ah, that was because the donkey began to kick,' said Willie, defending himself against the charge of cowardice

'Well, Willie, but would not a lion, a snake, or a tiger be more terrible to meet than riding a kicking donkey?'

'Not if I had a pistol, a gun and a sword.',



WILLIE STARTS ON THE ROAD TO LONDON.

'But why would you want all three weapons?' asked Mary.

'Why, I should first shoot them down with the gun, then walk up to them and kill them outright with the pistol, and cut their heads off with the sword, and bring them home as trophies of my bravery.

'Oh, what stuff, Willie! Why, you are not big enough to lift a gun, and I am sure you would be too frightened to fire it off, if you had one.'

'That's all you know about it,' the little hero replied. 'But it's no use talking to girls; what do they know about wild animals, forests, and jungles? I'm determined to see the world, say what you like. I cannot stand this dull home any longer.'

'Why, I am sure everybody is very kind to us, and mother and father, give us everything we want, and you have a heap of playmates —what else do you desire?'

'To be a hero traveller!' replied Master Bounce, who was only just ten years old, and who really had not courage to attack a goose on a common, but who was fond of talking about his bravery before his sister, or anyone else he could get for a listener.

'I should like to see you in the jungle, before a roaring lion with terrible red eyes and lashing tail, or before that horrid black snake that you have just been reading about,' said Mary, still laughing at her boasting brother.

'It would have been a bad job for the snake had I been there; I would have given him such a whop!'

'He would have swallowed you, gun, sword, pistol and all, before you could scream,' said Mary.

'Scream! Who wants to scream?' cried Willie the Valiant; 'I should fire—I shouldn't scream.'

'It is all very well to talk and read about wild animals by our snug cottage porch, with mother and father at home; but I really believe, Willie, you would be more frightened than me, if you met any of these terrible things.'

'To meet them would be the fun of the thing, you little stupid! Don't travellers go thousands of miles on purpose to meet them?'

'Let them go,' said Mary; 'I would rather stop at home out of their way, and tend the pretty flowers in my garden.'

'Then I wouldn't,' replied her brother; 'and I mean to trot off one morning and see the world.'

'How can you go without money?' Mary suggested.

'Oh, as to that,' said the foolish little fellow, 'I've got sixpence.'

'Sixpence!' exclaimed Mary, her pretty blue eyes filled with merriment. 'See the world with sixpence! Ha! ha! ha!'

'You may laugh, Mary; but one

morning you see if you don't find me on my travels.'

'Then it would be very wicked of you—a little boy like you—to leave home, and distress us all! Better stop at home, and be content.'

To this the boy made no reply; but a few mornings after this brief conversation between brother and sister, Willie Lunnis, full of the wonderful adventures he was fond of reading about, rose and dressed himself in his ordinary school clothes; and he fastened an old leathern belt about his waist, in which he placed a broken rusty dagger that for some time had been knocking about the house, and which he thought would serve him instead of gun, pistol and sword, which he regretted he could not command.

His father's cottage was near Bath, and his first step was toward London, where he had never been. Once on the beautiful Bath road, he began in earnest to fancy himself a traveller, and in his joy hopped and skipped about as blithe as a young deer on the mountain-top.

He had no remorse of pity for the troubled feelings and anxiety of his parents or sister when they missed him from his cottage home, and knew not where to find him. He was too full of his own glory to think of them. That was not brave, but it was something else, it was cowardly to give an unnecessary pang to those who loved him.

(To be Continued.

A Famous Gospel Song and Its Author.

A gospel song much sung by Mr. Ira Sankey when he and Mr. Moody were on their last campaign through England and Scotland, and one which met with instant favor everywhere, was 'Throw out the Life-Line.' Particularly along the coast, where the sight and story of shipwrecks were best known, was it exceedingly popular. It was my privilege to spend a little time not long since with the author of this song, and listen to the story of its composition from his own lips.

A summer day's outing at Nantasket beach, on the coast of Massachusetts, where the author saw for the first time the life-line, with its silken strands, and had explained to him its use, was the inspiration for this production. From early boyhood his life had been passed in the vicinity of the seashore. 'A friend of mine,' said he, 'portrayed a scene on this famous beach, where afterwards I saw eight vessels cast ashore, and this it was that laid the basis of the song. The story ran something like this : A schooner was thrown by the raging elements upon the coast, where it lay exposed to the bitter blast and the icy waves, all the while bumping and threatening to go to pieces every moment. Soon the wreckers appeared, joined by willing hands. They could see through the breakers the large schooner, with two chain-cables out, and in the rigging the eight men and one woman which comprised the crew. They were holding on for their lives, amid the blinding snow and the fearful gale. The life-line was shot out towards the vessel, but the distance was too great. Again and again it fell too short of the doomed craft, but at last a shot was fired which went over the vessel, and with loud cheers those on shore began preparations to haul the shipwrecked ones in.

'"Throw Out the Life-Line," was a title that struck me instantly. I went home, took my pencil, and wrote the words in ten minutes, then, seating myself at the instrument, I seemed to play the music at once, as if by inspiration, and thus it was the song was born.' It has been sung around the world, and Mr. Sankey says of it that it has been the most used gospel hymn of any produced during the past ten years. A biographical sketch of the author of this famous song will not fail to interest in this connection:

Edward Smith Ufford was born at Newark, N.J., on Feb. 10, 1851. He was reared in Stratford, Conn., where he received his education in the public schools. At the age of twenty-one his earnest work for the Master brought him into prominence, and he was led to take out an exhorter's license in the Methodist Church, and began to hold revival meetings about the town. The present of 'The Story of the Life of Moody and Sankey,' was made him, and his reading of this impressed him very much, and he was led to long for wider fields of activity. On Sundays the wharf of his adopted town was crowded with pleasure-seekers, and he resolved to begin to labor here for the Master. The first service was held in a vacant club-house, and by the time for the third one the seating capacity of the house was over-taxed, and the meeting had to be held in the open air.

In 1878 he entered Bates' Theological Seminary, in Lewiston, Maine, where he was fitted for the ministry. He united with the Baptist denomination, and in 1879 was ordained pastor of the church at East Auburn, Mass., where his ministry was very successful. Later on he was called to Dedham, and after that to Higham. His friends here sent him to London to attend the World's Sunday-school convention, in 1889. There he was received by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House.

He is musically inclined, and has composed a large number of gospel songs, and is the compiler of several books. His fame, however, is based on the one song, 'Throw Out the Life-Line.'—John R. Clements, in 'Presbyterian.'

A Little Gentleman.

His cap is old, but his hair is gold,
And his face as clear as the sky;
And whoever he meets, in lanes or streets,
He looks him straight in the eye
With a fearless pride that has naught to hide,
Though he bows like a little knight,
Quite debonair, to a lady fair,
With a smile that is swift as light.

Does his mother call? No kite or ball,
Or the prettiest game can stay
His eager feet as he hastes to greet
Whatever she means to say;
And the teachers depend on this little friend
At school in his place at nine,
With his lessons learned, and his good marks earned,
All ready to toe the line.

I wonder if you have seen him too,
This boy who is not too big
For a morning kiss from mother and sis,
Who isn't a bit of a prig;
But gentle and strong, and the whole day long,
As merry as boy can be;
A gentleman, dears, in coming years,
And at present the boy for me.
—'Adviser.'

The Water Club.

(By Mrs. J. McNair Wright.)

Among the men of this century who have left a mark on time was Lord Alfred Tennyson, probably the most popular poet of our time. Among the reminiscences of his youth which he confided to his friends was one of 'The Water Club.' When Tennyson was a young man he and some of his friends organized a club for literary discussion. One of its first rules was that no wine could be used at any of the club meetings. From this rule the club had its name, given them half scornfully by some acquaintances, The Water Club.

Such a club rule was at least very unusual fifty years ago, when wine was freely used at meals, and at all club meetings, even by very worthy people—by those who struck the keynote for other people. The reasons for which the Water Club banished wine were few and simple:—

1. For economy's sake. The lads were none of them rich, just graduated from their university, and with their way to make in the world.

2. The club was for intellectual improvement, and they felt assured that wine dulled and clouded the brain, after, perhaps, a brief stimulation. Their master, Shakespeare, had written:

'O thou invisible spirit of wine! If thou
Hast no name to be known by, let us call
thee—Devil.'

3. Wine often leads to anger and hot words. The members of this club were friends, holding their friendship dear. They dared not put it at the mercy of that 'enemy which steals away men's brains.'

'I drank, I liked it not; 'twas rage, 'twas
noise,
An airy scene of transitory joys.
In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow and enlarge the soul.'

At the meetings of the Water Club questions of importance were discussed, speeches made, and articles read by their authors for the criticism of their friends. 'The rest of them made speeches,' said Tennyson, dryly, after he was old, 'I never did. I was not a talking man.'

Among the members of this club were Lord Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate of England, one of the most notable men of the century, mourned by a world when he died, in full age, full of honors. Hallem, the brilliant young genius, for whose memorial 'In Memoriam' was written by Tennyson—no doubt the most magnificent monument ever erected to man. The two brothers of Tennyson, both poets and men of mark. Other choice spirits gathered about them, scarcely one who did not in some way distinguish himself, while all lived their lives nobly and helpfully.

The poet recalls the band in the verse:—

'Where once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art
And labor and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land.'

Here is a sketch of worthy work, well to be remembered as the work of famous men of the famous WATER CLUB.—'Temperance Banner.'

Strong Language.

'Zion's Herald,' a Methodist paper of high character, speaks of liquor-saloons as 'gates opening to the bottomless pit.' We do not doubt the fitness of the designation. It is not useful to indulge in strong language,—language stronger than the subject justifies. But this language is not too strong. Were we to describe the work of the 'saloon' for one week in one family, in one human heart, we could justify the use of very strong and perhaps harsh words. It seems to us certain that the man who devotes his time to the selling of alcoholic drinks to the young people of the city, and affording facilities for gambling and drinking, knowing all the while that he is ruining character, breaking hearts, and damning souls, is a criminal of an odious character, deserving the cell of the felon, and the halter of the murderer. His hands are stained with blood. His soul is possessed with a most foul and cruel fiend. This is a harsh way of speaking. Is it?—A. went home drunken enough to be furious. He beat his wife, but she told no one. This has been his programme with variations, for three years. Those who sell him liquor know his doings. He is a poor weak brute: he was a brilliant young man. B. drinks the money he ought to spend for food for his little children; but he has no mercy on them. Those who supply him with drink know he neglects his wife and children. C. was a Sunday-school scholar, steady and diligent. He was brought up by kind friends. He is a professional man, once with good prospects. He is now a forlorn, and helpless driveller, verging on hopeless idiocy. D. died in his early prime from drink; the rumseller had no mercy on him or on his broken-hearted mother. One could run through a long list of lives made most miserable, and made the cause of boundless misery to others, all because of their addiction to this drug. If we could stop this alcoholic folly and wickedness we would save many a character, many a life, many a broken heart.—'Presbyterian Witness.'

Two Kegs of Rum.

Late one autumn a whaler, on her return voyage, brought up in front of a populous village on an island in the northern part of the Behring Sea. A lively trade ensued with the natives, who were anxious to make their bargains quickly and go in pursuit of the walrus which were now passing, and which every year provided the winter's food supply. But in addition to the legitimate articles of trade a couple of kegs of strong rum were put ashore, and the schooner sailed away for San Francisco with all the wealth of the village.

By the time the natives had finished the rum, and got over its effects the walrus had all passed, there was no supply of food put up for the winter, the ice was beginning to drift in the sea. The result was inevitable. The next whaler that called at the island was able to take home an interesting collection of bones and skulls of the Eskimo type to an ethnological institution, but there was no man, woman, or child left alive on the rum-stricken island to tell the story of starvation and death. — From 'Through the Subarctic Forest,' by Washburn Pike.

'My People Do Not Consider.'

Plain speaking was formerly considered a duty by the Quakers. It is a pity they do not practice it oftener on smokers, taking the following as a specimen:

Recently a Quaker was travelling in a railway carriage. After a time, observing certain movements on the part of a fellow passenger, he accosted him as follows:

'Sir, thee seems well dressed, and I dare say thee considers thyself well bred, and would not demean thyself by an ungentlemanly action, wouldst thou?'

The person addressed promptly replied, with considerable spirit:

'Certainly not if I knew it.'

The Quaker continued:

'And suppose thee invited me to thy house, thee would not think of offering me thy glass to drink out of after thee had drank out of it thyself, wouldst thou?'

The interrogated replied:

'Abominable! No! Such an offer would be most insulting.'

The Quaker continued:

'Still less would thee think of offering me thy knife and fork to eat with after putting them into thy mouth, wouldst thou?'

'To do that would be an outrage on all decency, and would show that such a wretch was out of the pale of civilized society.'

'Then,' said the Quaker, 'with those impressions on thee, why should thee wish me to take into my mouth and nostrils the smoke from that cigar which thou art preparing to smoke out of thine own mouth?'

Believing and Receiving.

A notable instance of praying to God, and resolving to take no denial, and prevailing when hope seemed gone, was that of the pious wife of a hard-drinking man named Martin, in West Riding, Yorkshire, who prayed twenty-one years for his reformation and conversion.

When that long time had passed, and no answer had come to her prayers, she went one night, at midnight, to the 'public,' where her husband spent much of his time, and found him sitting in the bar-room with several other men and the landlady.

'You go home,' said Martin, roughly, when he saw his wife enter.

'Wait a little, and your husband will go with you,' said the landlady.

'Mrs. Tolman,' replied the poor wife, advancing to the table where they were sitting, 'I have waited twenty-one years for my husband to "go with me"—and all that time I have prayed for him.' She steadied her voice and answered:

'I am certain, too, that God will answer my prayers. As sure as he is sitting in your bar, I shall live to see him pass your house and have no inclination to go in.'

She turned to go out, and Martin rose and followed her, saying not a word.

That night was the turning-point in his life. The long-felt promise to the heart of the pious wife, that her husband should "go with her," began to be fulfilled to her patient waiting.

He went to meeting with her, and was melted by a sermon on the words, 'Whither thou goest, I will go; . . . . thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God'; he went with her to the family altar; he went with her on the road to heaven, and helped her to lead their children in the narrow way. —English Paper.

One very sensible point in the excise laws of Illinois is the provision that the holder of a license for selling liquor who causes the intoxication of another person, is liable for the support of that person while he is intoxicated; and during the time he has to be kept, as a consequence of such intoxication, he must in addition pay $2 a day. Like all other laws, however, this is of value only in proportion as it is carried out. — 'Golden Rule.'

LESSON III. — Jan. 16.

Beginning of the Ministry of Jesus.

Matt. iv., 17-25. Memory verses, 17-20.

Golden Text.

'The people which sat in darkness saw great light.' (Matt. iv., 16.)

Daily Readings.

M. John i., 35-51. — The first disciples of Jesus.
T. John ii., 1-12.—The first miracle of Jesus.
W. John xi., 13-3: 24.—Beginning of Jesus' ministry in Judea.
Th. John iv., 1-42.—Jesus journeying from Judea to Galilee.
F. John iv., 43-54. — The second miracle of Jesus.
S. John v., 1-47.—Close of Jesus' ministry in Judea.
S. Matt. iv., 12-25.—Beginning of Jesus' ministry in Galilee.

Lesson Story.

Jesus in the beginning of his public ministry, proclaimed the same message that John had brought — 'Repent, the kingdom of heaven is at hand.'

One day, as Jesus was walking by the sea of Galilee, he called to Andrew and Peter to leave their fish-nets, by which they earned their living, and to follow him as their Lord. 'I will make you fishers of men,' was his promise.

Without a moment's hesitation or questioning, they left all to follow Jesus. Our Saviour then called James and John, the two sons of Zebedee. These also were fishers, but they left their nets, to follow Jesus.

Then Jesus, with these four disciples, went about through all Galilee, teaching and preaching and healing. He preached the gospel of the kingdom of heaven. He healed all manner of diseases. Lunacy, palsy and devil-possession, he healed with a loving touch. Nothing was too hard for Jesus.

The fame of his mighty deeds spread abroad through all Syria and Decapolis, the region beyond Jordan, as well as Galilee, Judea and Jerusalem. Great multitudes flocked to him from all these regions, and he healed their sick and preached to them the gospel of the kingdom.

Lesson Hints.

Over a year elapses in the history of Jesus between this lesson and the last. In the meantime he had made friendship with those disciples whom he now called to leave all and unconditionally follow him in the work of founding his kingdom.

Jesus had cleansed the temple in Jerusalem and baptised in Judea, but he could do no mighty works there nor in Nazareth because of their unbelief. He worked quietly and with few miracles while John was still preaching. Now that John is gone, our Lord begins, in the despised country of Galilee, those wondrous miracles and teachings which quickly spread his fame abroad.

'Straightway'—we cannot be too prompt in obeying God's voice.

'Other two brethren' — James and John were partners of Peter in the fishing trade. (Luke v., 10.) 'Zebedee'—was evidently a rich man, able to spare his sons, for he had 'hired servants.' (Mark i., 20.)

'Healing'—He who refused to satisfy his own bodily wants by divine power, now pours forth his power unstintingly on the suffering bodies of others. As the Sinless One bore our sins, so he bore our sicknesses and sorrows in his own body. (Matt. viii., 17: I. Pet. ii., 24.)

Lesson Hymn.

God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul lie?

God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!.

God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.
—Gerhard Tersteegen, 1730.

Primary Lesson.

'Follow me.'

This was the command our Lord Jesus Christ gave to his first disciples. This is the command he gives to each of his young disciples to-day.

'Follow me.'

What does it mean to follow Jesus? What did it mean to those four men who first left all their hopes of earthly success to follow Jesus? We may think that it was easier for them to follow because they could see him and walk about with him. They could only see him as a man. We can not see him, but we know him as God. So that it is really easier for us to follow him than it was for them.

What made them leave their business and their chance of becoming rich, to follow Jesus who was so poor? They followed him and obeyed him because they loved him, and believed in him.

God often calls men and women to leave all, all their business, all their pleasures, all their earthly cares, and follow him. Often he calls them to follow him out into the dark lands of heathenism, to carry the light of his love and the gladness of his salvation.

Some men are like the first disciples they immediately leave all to follow Jesus. Immediately, without a moment's doubt or hesitation.

Others wait a while and consider all they must lose if they follow. They must lose their chance of becoming rich. They must lose their chance of an idle, comfortable life. They must be willing to follow Jesus through all the trials and discomforts which he bore for us. They say they cannot do all this for Jesus. They are not loving enough to be faithful. They are not brave enough to obey.

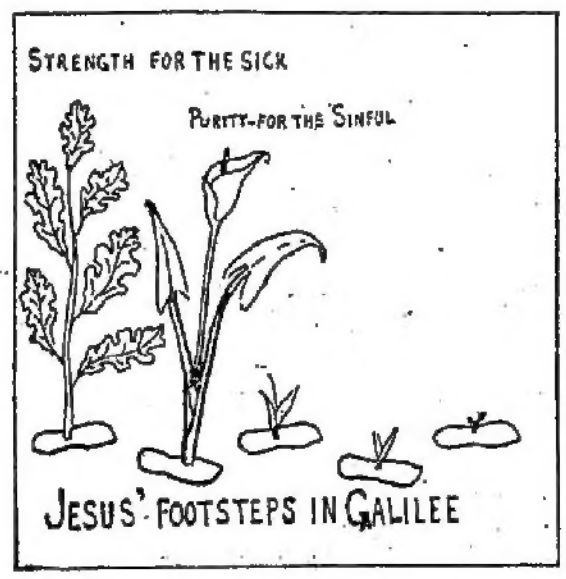
Which kind of a follower will you be, brave and loving, or cowardly and disobedient?

Suggested Hymns.

'Jesus calls us o'er the tumult,' 'Calling for thee,' 'Jesus is tenderly calling,' 'By Galilee,' 'I hear Thy welcome voice,' 'Jesus, I come to Thee.'

The Lesson Illustrated.

Beginning of the ministry. We will have the call of another disciple later on, so here use our board to illustrate the general work of Jesus. An old legend said that where Jesus walked on the shores of the Lake of Galilee, lilies sprang up from his footsteps.



We do know, though, that where he walked, sinful lives blossomed into purity, so we draw our lily, the sick became strong, so beside the lily we place a young oak, for the renewed bodies.

If we are like him, deeds of kindness, words of help and love will leave brighter hearts and stronger lives in our footsteps.

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

Jan. 16.—Matt. iv., 17-25.

Jesus was the only preacher who could rightfully preach himself. Verse 17; I. Cor. ii., 2. The Lord seeth not as man seeth, and those whom he calls to preach can do nothing else so well. Verses 18 and 21. They who would be skilful in the use of the gospel net must receive their training from the Captain of their Salvation. Verse 19. Prompt obedience has a special reward, for he gives twice who gives quickly. Verses 20 and 22. Jesus was a teacher whose doctrine was sound and simple, a preacher who always delivered the right message at the right time, and a physician whose skill never failed. Verse 23. Some followed Jesus to secure healing for their friends, some to be healed themselves, some out of idle curiosity, and a few because they loved him. Verses 24, 25.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Jan. 16. — Fishers of men: how to win souls.—(II. Tim. iv., 1-8.)

How to Manage Boys.

A young teacher, who has had great success with a class of little 'ragamuffins' in the worst quarter of a large city, was once asked to tell something of the method by which she had transformed the lawless street urchins into respectable little citizens, in so many cases.

'I haven't any method, really,' said the young woman, modestly. 'It is only that I try to make the boys like me, and I say "don't" just as seldom as I possibly can in my work with them. They had learned to lie, steal, and fight; but truth, honesty, and courtesy were unknown terms.'

'So I began by telling them a story every morning about some boy who had done a brave, honest, or kind thing, and held him up for their admiration. And after a while I asked them to "save up" good things they had seen or done to tell at these morning talks. Their eagerness about it, and pride when I was pleased with their little incidents, showed me that they were being helped.

'There was just one boy who seemed to be hopeless. He was apparently indifferent to everything, sat for weeks during the morning talks with a stolid expression, and never contributed anything to the conversation. I had begun to be really discouraged about him, when one morning he raised his hand as soon as it was time for the talk to begin.

'"Well, Jim, what is it you have to tell us?" I asked, encouragingly.

'"Man's hat blew off as I was comin' to school. I ran and picked it up for him," he jerked out, in evident embarrassment at finding all eyes fastened on him.

'"And what did the man say?" I asked, hoping that a "thank you," had rewarded his first attempt in the right direction:

'"You young scamp, you'd have made off with that if I hadn't kept my eye on you!" said the boy, in the same jerky fashion.

'"And what did you do then?" I asked, in fear and trembling.

'"Didn't do nothin', but just come along to school," said the boy, soberly. "I reckon he didn't know no better; prob'ly he hadn't had no sech teachin' as I have got," and he lapsed into silence with an air of perfect satisfaction.

'I think he had a pretty severe rebuff, but he has told a great many pleasant things since that day, so you see, he was not disheartened.

'Some people would say, I know, that I ought to tell how bad stealing and lying and fighting are; and yet as long as they will listen to me when I say "Do be honest, do be truthful, do be kind," I shall not keep the other things before their minds.'

Whatever may be said for other methods, hers—which she did not even call a method—commends itself.—'Christian Observer.'

I think we need to realize more than we do how short a time it takes for the boys to become the men. We unconsciously act as if we thought we were sure of them for many years, and need not, therefore, hurry. But in truth we have no time to lose. In a few years the boys in our classes will be the men with votes. The Sunday-school teachers throughout the world to-day can have, and should have, an enormous power over the new century.—Marianne Farningham.

HOUSEHOLD.

Parlor Meetings.

Miss Willard writes to the 'Union Signal,' urging the importance of using the parlor for temperance work. She says:—

These are the days when the parlor or drawing-room has become the centre of attraction for lectures, entertainments, concerts and the like. There is an enjoyable and home-like atmosphere amid the surroundings that women naturally draw around themselves, which cannot be equalled in a church vestry or any other outside rendezvous. The tendency is one to be encouraged, and indicates that the tidal wave that threatened to wash the home out into the world, has begun to recede. It is, perhaps, the best feature of the White Ribbon movement that it has steadily sought to lead women toward home, love and loyalty, rather than away from these centres of power and peace. For one, I have never sought to induce a young mother, surrounded by her little ones and home cares, to neglect a single duty there for anything that she could do in any outside society. Invariably, when such women have expressed their grief at not being able to work with us, I have said: 'Do not be restive, my dear, in this most significant and hallowed period of your life. No one is doing more for her native land and for humanity than she who with loyal tenderness fulfils the duties of a wife and mother. Your time to work with us will be later, when the little birds are fledged and flown, and you will come forth to the larger service for which your experiences have prepared you, and will find that a life-work lasts a life-time, and the "mothering" of your own has but prepared you to mother the homeless ones in the great outside world.'

All this is preliminary to an exhortation that I have long wished to give to our local unions, viz., it is the parlor meeting which takes a knowledge of our work and interest in it most directly into the home.

If I could visit every local union I would say: Make your most attractive, tactful, ingenious-minded woman superintendent of parlor meetings. Do not have them stilted and mechanical, but bring in a chorus of children to sing the 'marching songs,' enlist the young women to furnish an entertainment, pass around light refreshments and break up for a brief space at the close into groups for social conversation. As a matter of course, the opening exercises will be singing and prayer, our Responsive Readings being especially appropriate, to parlor meetings. We have made them so cheap that they can be placed in every hand, and the ladies asked to take them home, where they may pass under the eyes of 'the man of the house'—which will be an excellent thing.

System Gives Time.

Housework, like other kinds of business, will be better accomplished by having regular times and ways for doing things, than by working at haphazard. It is best to have certain days for washing, ironing, baking, mending, sweeping, etc. Yet none of these days should be so crowded with work, that there will not be time for an hour's reading. Also, there should be some time for making and receiving calls, going to town and company.

If the housekeeper's work includes family sewing, gardening, and, with some helping with the chores outdoors, there will not be much chance for visiting in the summer season, but housework could oftener be made easier than it is. Take washday. The work need not be done in the old-fashioned way in order to be well done. Many who do their own work, or are willing to make the work easier for hired help, when the washing is large, lighten the labor of rubbing and wringing very much by putting into each boiler of suds a few spoonfuls of kerosene, a little experimenting determines the right quantity. If there are three or four different boilings, and the first consists of fine shirts, skirts, etc., the shirtbands and edges of skirts, etc., may need previous soaking and rubbing but the sheets and pillowcases can usually be put right into the suds dry, having first renewed the water, soap and kerosene, if necessary. While the first two boilings are in progress, the third and fourth can be soaked and slightly rubbed, when needed. Soap and kerosene together are very cleansing, and the greater part of the clothes may be put into the boiling suds while dry. The colored cotton clothes, which will not be injured by fading, may be served in the same manner. In this way the washing will be finished early in the day, and time left for clearing up and preparing a good dinner, instead of using odds and ends, with the washing dragging round into the afternoon. There is also a better chance for the clothes to dry. One should not try to do the ironing in the afternoon, but should feel that after the dinner work is done the afternoon ought to be taken for reading, or other rest, until tea time, with perhaps sorting the clothes for ironing, placing stockings and clothes which are to be mended in the mending basket, and not sprinkling those which will mend as well without it.

Take Tuesday for ironing. It is desirable to begin the day early. If fine shirts are laundered at home, they may be restarched in cold starch, and left while one is ironing other things. Knitted underwear need not be ironed, nor much time spent on sheets or night dresses that are going to be used right away. The time saved from ironing will accomplish the mending, except the stockings, and the clothes can be put away the same day. Where there are little girls, who are trained, as all children should be, to be helpful, towels, handkerchiefs, and aprons will do for practice.

In large families it is often necessary to bake bread every other day, but if twice a week will answer, it might be done on Wednesdays and Saturdays. As hygiene is more observed than formerly, fruit is often substituted for pastry, and here is a gain in time, health, and expense. It is not necessary to have a great variety at ordinary meals, but a good garden, with things in season, will enable one to vary the bill of fare from day to day. If the baking has not been elaborate, a part of the day might be given to sewing, also on Thursday, if there is much sewing to be done. Young girls should have lessons in this art as soon as possible. It will not interfere with school work, or healthful play, but should go with it. It will help them as well as mother.

Sweeping and dusting for Friday. We often hear about carpets being unhealthy owing to the dust they collect and diffuse through the air in sweeping, and are discarded by some who consequently have less dusting to do, but more mopping or wiping up of floors. A large share of the work in sweeping, sometimes, is picking up and putting away things after careless people. This may be dispensed with by making it a rule of the family that each member put everything used into its proper place. Let this be the rule even in families even where the children are all boys.

Enough baking should be done on Saturday to last over the next washday, at least, and preparation be made for Sunday.

Besides the week's work, there is house-cleaning, canning, and unforeseen work, from sickness, company, etc., but system and planning will help.—'Housekeeper.'

Selected Recipes.

Fish Fritters.—Beat two eggs without separating, add to them one gill of milk; now add to this a half to a pound of shredded codfish and sufficient flour (about two-thirds of a cup) to make a batter that will drop nicely from the spoon; add one-fourth teaspoon of pepper and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix, drop into smoking hot fat by teaspoonful. These are very nice for summer's lunch, served with sliced cucumbers or cucumber sauce.

Ham Salad. — Cut fine pieces of boiled ham. Make a dressing as follows: To one half-cup of melted butter add two well beaten eggs, one half-pint of vinegar, pepper and salt to taste, dessert spoonful of sugar and same of mustard. Mix smooth and boil until it thickens to the consistency of cream, and pour on the ham. If desired, mix in chopped celery.

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